THE FREEING OF ITALY

A STIRRING HISTORY OF ITALIAN RE-GENERATION.

THE DAWN OF ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE. ITALY FROM THE CONDIESS OF VIENNA, 1814, TO THE TALL OF VENICE, 1849. By William Roscoe Thayer. In two volumes: 12mo, pp. 453-446. Houghton, Minlin & Co.

by Mr. Thayer in these volumes should have well-known face behind his gallant servants. He been almost shunned by most historians; for the patience and labor required to unravel the confused and confusing entanglement of Italian polities during the years concerned might well daunt | there was the sale of Fiedmont in the great con stoutest workman and cause him to relinquish a pursuit so little promising of great returns. Nevertheless, the task here assumed was one which needed to be done for the proper understanding of even more recent European glad to be quit of the throne for the sake of a little politics, and it was especially fitting that the work should be assumed by an American author, free from bias of any kind, save that bias in favor of liberty, which to Americans is as natural as the air they breathe. It is, indeed, possible that some of Mr Thayer's points of view may shock the ultrafastidious. No doubt he owes it partly to his habitat that the long-sustained stant injunctions of such hope the work could conspiracy against the freedom of the Italians does not present itself to his mind as a simple matter of politics, but that the inhumanities, the tyrannies, the treacheries, of which those unfortunate people have been the victims appear ses for open indignation and times lead him into scarcely measured denunciation.

But it is scarcely possible for any warm-blooded man to read the record without sharing the exasperation which he finds it difficult to repress; ner does the fact that the evils and abuses which overwhelmed the Italians had been maintained for generations tend to modify the feeling provoked by the recollection of them. Yet, wholly apart from such incidental bitterness, the history of the dawn of Italian independence abounds in lessons and illustrations of the most pregnant kind; lessons, perhaps especially, in the immense difficulty of making names pass for things. For the Italians, above all the peoples of Europe, may be said to have passed their time

In dropping buckets into empty wells, And growing old in drawing nothing up.

Mr. Thayer opens his history with a sketch of the Italy of the Renaissance, and how strange and even startling is the analogy between that period and the first half of the present century. Twice Italian rulers first sacrificed independence and proved traitors to patriotism by calling in the aid of foreigners to overcome rivals of their own blood; the maxim "divide et impera" has been acted upon to the ruin of the country by every greedy external power. Guelphs and Ghibellines disappeared only to give place to equally unpatriotic and suicidal combinations; cities and provinces were arrayed against one another. By degrees a few great powers like Austria acquired a preponderating influence; the petty principalities-not indeed greatly changed since the time of the Medicis-became cloven boroughs, so to say; and the Italian people, century by century, grew more helpless, more oppressed, and, as was inevitable in the circum stances, less capable of resisting the established tyranny that crushed them. They were, broadly speaking, one in sentiment, for they all yearned after freedom. But they had been deprived of it so many generations that they no longer knew how to seek it, or how, supposing that they had preserved the power of self-entranchisement, to safeguard their liberties. So it happened that, like all peoples under like

general conditions, they fell into grievous errors and delusions. Experience of tyranny had taught them secretiveness, and they conspired. But conspiracy only taught them a dang-toos faith in mere talk, and the results of trusting to this were more and more disastrons as the years rolled by, Mr. Thayer's volumes are a marvellously full, clear and coherent record of a period in which clearness and coherence may seem far to seek. Throughout Italy the States and provinces were arrayed against one another. Even where there was nominal onion, there was no real trust. The astute rulers took care that causes of suspicion and dissension should be freely spread abroad. The secret association called the Carbonari fought persistently against such intrigues, but without much success. Tyranny had sapped the popular manhood, and engendered distrust everywhere. The alien police, of course, did their best to foster such feelings.

McIternich, who is Mr. Thayer's pet aversion and who certainly stands forth as a very striking example of that old regime, which resumes all the most obsolete and offensive opposition to the extension of human freedom, represents in these rages all that the spirit of democratic progress has most to fear and hate. It may cheerfully be conceded that Metternich was an honest man, according to his lights; only what he considered his lights were, and ever must be, darkness of lovers of freecom and believers in the rights of the people to live their own lives. But Metternich od uncompromisingly for principles which the French Revolution had so rudely called in question that never again could they be accepted by the world unquestioningly. There had been a long period during which scarcely any one dreamed of challenging them. That the masses lived for any other purpose than to do the rougher work of the world for the price of a bare sub sistence never occurred, even to the most advanced thinkers, for a long time. Meanwhile, the people grew used to their collars, and ceased to feel the chafe of them. It was not until the close of the eighteenth century brought to France at one and the same time unexampled physical suffering and a new gospel that a change in the

In Italy the new gospel did not make such rapid headway. The people probably were not less iil prepared to act upon it than the French, but they labored under the special disadvantage of being systematically separated. All the small principalities into which the country was and had been for so long divided seemed to weaken the popular expression and to reinforce the authentic. Austria, moreover, set the watchword for Italy, and Metternich spoke for Austria, and he represented the strongest reactionary views. Nothing but the firm establishment of the old despotism was in his thought, and when Napoleon fell he believed that the last obstacle to the success of his programme had been removed. And who shall say that he was very far from being right as to this? which could and have been foreseen upset all his calculations in the end, but it is significant that these events were brought about neither by the really free peoples of Europe, nor by those who were still struggling for freedom.

situation became possible; and even this change

was at first, and for some time, a change rather

for the worse than the better.

The Italians certainly deserve cratit for indomitable pluck and persistence Read Mr Thayer's volumes and understand against what crushing weight of disappointment and tailure they kept up their hope. Inexperience, and above all, the fatal substitution of names for things above re- than his ferred to, bailled all their efforts again and again, threw them bound at the feet of their oppressors and riveted the chains which they had seemed on the point of throwing off. There were occasionally hopes from so called liberal princes; but how almost uniformly were they disappointed? Popes, Piedmontese princes, nobles here and there, inclined occasionally to the popular cause, but only to desert or betray it in the end. Sometimes, indeed, it received a slight impetus from the ferocity of an Austrian officer like the ruffinn Huynan. Sometimes it received a shock from the volcanic butbreak of such mob forces as turned Palermo into the shambles. Sometimes the hated Austrians worked against their own policy by the prolonged and cruel imprisonment of patriots Backward and forward the pendulum seemed to swing, but for many years its motion indicated little useful Men like Mazzini grew old in the service of their country, and their cautions seemed to bring little or no return The Austrian troops continued dominant, the Austrian prisons gaped

for victims, and the free nations looked on and

made no sign. Only here and there some poet with burning heart spoke out for the suffering nationalities, and a stir, sensible but evanescent,

was created, Yet, if "the mills of the gods grand slowly, yet they grind exceeding small," everything come to him who has courage to wait. Even at the darkest hour the turn was almost in sight. Metternich could not last forever. He even lived to fly the Revolution in his own city of Vienna. He ever It is not surprising that the period treated condescended to hide his distinguished and too was an old, old man, but he had not counted on that, and still less did he or could he count upon what the coming years were to bring. And ther tinental game. How her banners flattered, now up, now down, all through those trying year-How her weaker princes tried to rise to true here ism and failed, and crawled away into obscurity. peace. The Popes, too, the "liberal" Popes, what things were expected of them by optimists, and what things they did not do: The times to try men's souls were upon Italy in those days, and al who heped and persevered in the teeth of the grim facts are as much entitled to immortality as those who actually did the work; for without the con

not have been done Mr. Thayer has carried his readers all through the stress and turmoil of these great preliminary struggles, in which the cause of freedom appeared repeatedly to be hopelessly lost, though in trutl there was always life remaining in it, and some faint adumbration of better things to come. Care ful and patient observation is needed even to follow the narrative, as it twists and turns and passe from one State to another, and from one country to another. Strange it is to note with what blindness the Italian patriots beat their heads against stone walls; how often they put themselves in the power of their enemies by the most incredibly imprudent tacties: how monotonously they went or repeating the old blunders, seemingly incapable of learning by experience. In the defence of their cities they often exhibited wonderful gailantry and skill and resourcefulness. Their amateur soldiers were able more than once or twice to foil the veteran Radetsky, and sometimes to actually heat an force him to fly.

But their heroism was too commonly wasted, I led to nothing. It seemed no practical ends. I was, so to speak, in the air. To a man of fift who reads Mr. Thayer's book must come many warm recollections. One recalls how the leading journals took this or that stirring event; how the thrashing of beast Haynau by the sturdy draymer of Barelay and Perkins resonnded over Europe and how people rejoiced in Palmerston's defian reply to the Austrian Government when it demanded redress for its butcher. One recalls the borrors of Kinz Bomba's infamous government, an the careful manner in which all the other govern ments confined themselves to small talk on the subject. The Piedmentese, indeed, were well liked, and Victor Emmanuel was a popular hero; but for ail that the representatives of the free nations actually did, beyond criticism, the little tyrant and the great ones might have gone on with their tyranny to this hour, and no help would have been found for Italy. Nevertheless, the period of probation was absolutely indispensable. Have the Italians even now learned the lessen of self-gov crament thoroughly? The time is still too carly to pass an opinion upon that with complete confidence; but it may be regarded as certain that without the preparation they experienced they could not have gone nearly so far as they have done.

But after all, the most important teaching of

Int after all, the most imperiant teaching of Mr. Thayer's history consists in its bearing upon the development of the spirit of freedom in the face of adverse circumstances. No other country in Europe has had a more difficult task before it because no other country has been so held back and paralyzed by separation. The repression of the national scatiment was a terrible dog upon the feet of Italy, yet it has been overcome, and the national big rises are receiving from her law, and the the national scattiment was a ferror coop, and the thete of Italy, yet it has been overcome, and the nation has risen revivified from her long anarchy and confusion. It is to be hoped that the author of these exceedingly interesting volumes intends to carry the story of Italian rejuvenescence somewhat further, and so to complete the impressive picture of which he has given so large a part. But in any case, he deserves great eredit for the fulness and the picture-queness of his descriptions, the nervous masculinity of his character studies, and the general large effect of his historic tableaus. The central aim of the work, too, is consistently carried forward, and while there is no disposition to blink failures and errors, a genual and hearty recognition is accorded to the brave if not always successful efforts of the patriots. That there should be the Italian traitors was not surprising. What really was surprising was that there should have been so few. For the prople were weak from anset of going in leading-strings, and their masters were crafty and puserupulous. Considering all the circrafty and unscrupations. Considering all the commissiones, there was far less treachery than mighave been expected, and far more loyalty and finness. It is a history full of interest, well at faithfully told, and requiring only a continuation

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

AN ADMIRABLE MONOGRAPH.

LES GRANDS ECRIVAINS FRANCAIS. J. J. Rousseau Par Arthur Chuquet. Paris, Hachette et Cie. New-York, F. W. Christern.

It is not an easy matter for a Frenchman to write with entire sobriety about Jean Jacques Rousseau, for whether he admires or distakes him the sentiment is apt to find too vigorous expres sion, and to tend toward extravagance. This is in no way remarkable when the significance of Rousseau to France is fully considered, and the ecope of that significance will always vary in proportion to the range of the critic's historica view and the character and bias of his prejudices The writer chosen to prepare this monograph for the series in which it appears, however, has done his work with a prudence and good taste which leave little to be desired. Within the limits assigned he, of course, could not attempt an exbanstive work, for not only biography criticism had to be supplied. Compactness, there fore, was essential, and brevity was of the essence of the undertaking. But in these conditions M. Chuquet has produced a volume which really sums up Rousseau admirably, which does him complete justice in nearly all respects, and which, perhaps, assigns him the place he is most likely to hold with posterity.

Rousseau the man is dealt with first, and then comes the turn of Rousseau the writer. Most moderns probably know little of Jean Jacques beyond what is to be found in the "Confessions, and these, or some of them, may be surprised to hear that M. Chuquet holds the "Confessions' to be everything but authentic records of fact. They are in effect mere inventions for the most Events part, composed for the express purpose of vin dicating the hero, and suppressing, so far as that was possible, the uglier, baser and more discredit able phases of his life and social intercourse The master key to them, his present biographer holds, is his colossal vanity, which, however, con tinually brought him into ridicule. Yet M Chaquet freely admits that the adulation of which Rousseau was the object after the publication of "La Neuvelle Heloise," "Emrle" and "Le Contrat Social" might well have turned a stronger head

> But Rousseau was pre-eminently the child of his age. The effects he produced upon the French mind were wrought, in the main, by putting in form thoughts which had long been germinating. He was simply the man whom the hour brought. Had he been a better man the wor. he set on foot might have been accomplished at much less cost to France and the world For the time was ripe, and if not he, then another must have set the avalanche in motion. One produce? Is the human nature of the Socialists peculiar fitness lay in him, however. He pes- different from the human nature of Tammany sessed a style which even to-day must be pro | men? Are the former exempted from the temptanounced admirable. It was a living style, as tions, the desires, the ambitions which mould the distinct as possible from those which had pre- lives of other men? Does the possession of power ceded it. And he dealt largely in very grim realities. All his readers knew that, and too many of them consequently pinned their faith on him when he undertook to reconstruct society from selves, subject to the same weaknesses, amenable the point of view of a phenomenal ignorance of philosophy, history and human nature The man was saturated with sham sentiment.

is the kind of a philanthropist Jean Jacques really was; but he could melt the heart of a stone with his beautiful writings, and this age was, like him, permeated with a false sentimentality.

The influence of Rousscau's writings upon the future of France was, as Mr. Chuquet very clearly indicates, immense, and scarcely to be overestimated. He reinforced the natural effects of the social revolution which had grown to a head almost without assistance. He developed the fantasy which has, perhaps, always found an easy lodgment in the hearts of his countrymen. He furnished more than half of the impelling, di rective force of that herce assault upon the thrones of Europe which was to absorb the energies of the succeeding generation. His doctrines were at the bottom of the worst mischief done by and in the Revolution and the Terror. It need not be contended that he foresaw, or that he would tation of a far less hopeful character. have sanctioned, the excesses which were to grow from his theories; he must, none the less, be held accountable for what he wrought, whether directly or indirectly.

In many respects Jean Jacques was a very poor and even pitiful creature; that his biographer does not hesitate to admit. But he possessed that mysterious gift called genius. He knew how to charm his tellowmen. He knew how to move them, whether to pity or to wrath. He had that power which at critical moments can accomplish ore than armies, that power of which Napoleon who saw far, stood in fear all his life, and which disturbed him most when his power seemed most The poor creature Rousscan exposed his vanity and pettiness in his talse fessions;" but when he looked into his own heart and wrote he carried his audience away, and his audience for a time included much more than the world of intellect and culture. It must also be said that he had the courage of his opinions, and that was saying a great deal at the time. He would not sell his pen to the book publishers, though by so doing he might have secured a life of ease. He preferred persecution and unpopularity to any form of enslavement, and perem he certainly did not appear as the "poor Nor should it be forgotten, as M huquet observes, that his principal weaknesses wenld never have been known to the world had he not disclosed them himself. No doubt this was the effect of his inordinate vanity, but it should have its due weight.

To hold the balance even with such a man is a ask of difficulty-there is so much to blame and there is so much to praise in his life and work. Fature generations, however, may prefer to think with his biographer that "he abandoned himself to the impetuesity of his indignation against the vices of his age." In spite of all his faults, he ated iniquity and injustice and tyranny, and resisted them to the last. He sought an ideal which could not be found, and therein went estray. But his influence is incontestable, and his place in history equally assured.

SOCIALISM.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE MILLENNIUM.

HISTORY OF SOCIALISM By Thomas Kirkup 12mo, pp. 301 London and Edinburgh, Adam and Charles Black.

The author of this volume has made a careful and intelligent study of the various forms and nodifications of modern Socialism, and has comused a work which would be useful and conement but for one important fact-that is that a the course of his preparatory studies he has on evidently become enamored of the subject he are taking place at the present time all over the corld. Those who read the book purely for the ake of the information it contains regarding the arious kinds of Socialism will find their advantage n the study; but they should be cautioned cainst too hasty or implicit acceptance of the enter's own conclusions, which too often partake astomed to note in connection with such themes.

he last resort depend on the character and ca letely ignore it. Every one of them has been and is vitrated by the fallacy that men can invent ystems which are canable of securing ends, ethical nd other, which the mea who administer the sysatural tendencies of a free community cannot but e sure tests of the progressive capacity of that ommunity at any given stage. No creation by levelopment of tendencies which have their springs n the nature of man, as thus far developed. All ndeavers to find royal roads to progress, social r otherwise, have failed and must always fail, and for this reason. Doctrinarianism is blind and Selfishness, it may be hoped and perhaps believed, will not forever dominate the etions of the majority of men but thus far it annot be denied that it has done so, and that three fourtils of "man's inhumanity to man" arises

The error of the Socialists which interferes so fatally with the sanity of their reasoning is the theory that men can be drilled and disciplined into abnegation of self. Nature, as the old poet has it, when expelled in one way returns in an-other. Secialism, moreover, always depends upon some peculiar devotion to duty and principle which, though difficult or even impossible to find under existing circumstances, will, it is imagined, a developed by some course of special legislation. Mr. Kirkup, in the present volume, thinks very hopefully of a Socialist metamorphosis in the world's industries, but he does not-nor does any Socialist writer-undertake to show how the human tendencies which make the world what it is are to be got rid of and replaced by angelic dispositions. At the close of his book, after surveyng the ground generally, he says: "The lesson taught by much recent experience and the goal of nany converging tendencies seem undoubtedly to nterest. An industry carried on by free assoiated men would be in perfect accord with other orms and methods of progress-ethical, political and economic. The purified Socialism may be rearded as the co-ordination and consummation of every other form of human progress, inasmuch as it applies to the use of man all the factors of scientific, mechanical and artistic development in harmony with the prevailing political and ethical ideas. It is therefore a most desirable form of organization, and many large and growing sympoms show that it is practicable. It is a type of reanization which may take shape in a thousand liverse ways, according to the differences in his torse conditions and in national temperament Within its limits there will be reasonable scope for individual development and for every variety of liking and capacity consistent with the wellbeing of others; but exceptional talent and the enerous enthusiasm which is its fitting accompaniment will more and more find their proper field in the service of society, an ideal which is already largely realized in the democratic state"

Take for example Tammany! There "the service of society" is made the life-work of men whose "exceptional talent" and "generous enthus;asm" are familiar in our mouths as household words. And why should other things be expected from Socialism than a society like Tammany can not tempt them to its abuse? Does the possession of authority with them never lead to its straining? But if they are men of like passions with ourto the same influences, are we not obviously thrown back upon the old insoluble riddle. " Who He shall keep the keepers?" Let a system be what cried over the sorrows of strangers, and clapped you will on paper, the question of vital imhis own babies in the foundling asylum. That portance is, Who will put it into operation?

sibly the world "ringing down the grooves of hange," may be approaching an era of new and undreamed-of ethical development. No doubt man has made many advances, and even a new birth of altraism is conceivably possible. Eut hitherto it has not taken place, and the question whether it ever will take place is as yet altogether outside the domain of practical speculation. One thing, however, man may know if he will: that is that the Socialist millennium can only become possible when the human race has learned to be unselfish, self-sacrificing, free from greed, amenable to all wholesome restraints and pervaded by such a spirit of civism as the world has never yet known Is that too much to hope for within any reasonable period? Mr. Kirkup seems to think not, but the experience of all Socialist reformers down to the present day bears an interpre-

LITERARY NOTES.

Napoleon's voyage to Elba is to be described in the forthcoming "Century," the account being taken from an unpublished manuscript of Captain Ussher. charge the Emperor the British officer under whose charge the Employment the Journey. The Englishman and made the journey. Frenchman grew more or less intimate during this journey, and the suppressed sovereign's frank talks are set forth in the captain's manuscript with conscientions care. Some of Napoleon's comments on his marshals are particularly interesting. various candid remarks concerning Ney's lack of talent and education, but laid stress on his readiness o go into the cannon's mouth if he were ordered. of he admired, and recalled a battlefield whereon the general stood beside him as he wrote a dispatch, a not passing meanwhile and tearing up the eart about them. Junot coolly observed that this lively performance of the shot was very apropos, as he eeded sand to dry his lak.

Mrs. Oliphant, the most industrious of novelists, b shout to bring out a new story call'd "The Surceress,"

Mr. William Astor Chanler is the subject of a sketch y Richard Harding Davis, which will be found in the orthcoming " Harper." Mr. Davis describes Mr. Chan er as going to Africa with only one white companion is servant, and leading "an expedition of eighty met round the mountain of Kilima Njaro and through the land of the Massai, where Henry M. Stanley has said t is not safe to go with even a thousand rifles. He did this, as he told a celebrated African explorer whom e met in this wilderness of central Africa, 'for fun. This to a man who was trying to do the same thing ander the patronage of an emperor, three geographical ocieties, and backed by a trading company must have

Mr. Andrew Lang's new book, "Horer and the Epic," is to be honored with a large paper edition.

Zola publicly announces that he doesn't mean to ave up the prespect of a chair in the French Academy. My situation " he says, " is simple. Since there is at tood for election, and I cannot recognize anything wrong on my part in having done so. So long as I continue to stand, I am not beaten, therefore I will

Among the new books announced by the Putnams ate "The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians," from the French of M. Leroy-Beaulien; "Napoleon and the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France," by W. FCouncil Morris, "The Story of Poland," by W. R. Morfill, and two volumes of "Scudies of Travel in breece and Italy," by the late E. A. Freeman.

"The Green Flag" is the title of Dr. Conan Doyle's

The American way of regarding American poets disof please Mr. Charl's Leonard Moore-who is, by the way, coming into notice as a poet himself. -- 1 7417 m," he says in " The Forum," " our fidelity to Promotion," he adds, sarcastically, "with us goe

y seniority. We grade the rank of our poets by he dates of their first publications. But distinction Murder and arson and blo-phemy would e better for our literature than this tepid acquiescence espective atherents of Gray and Collins, Keats and shelley, Wordsworth and livron want to burn the of the pictures is up to the regular pitch of the large stols of the opposing camp is utterly lacking in our exhibitions. But this does not pretend to compete with hated, has become interesting. Patroclus got more closed to them late in the evening on the 23d. onor from the struggle of the heroes over his dismost unadmous of finerals. One is tempted but has to fly the Joy of saying something natural, sometheories are day dreams, for as a rule they com- have been hid on the table; by a vote of the majority they are beyond discussion-they are American institutions. Let us honor their names and not venture ask whether, taken singly or in a lody, they can

Rudyard Kipling s " Barrack Room Ballads" are said o be selling as rapidly as ever in Great Britain The book is now in its seventeenth than-and.

The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff courteously takes exday that the seventh volume of his "History of the Christian Church" gives the facts in little more than distinguished author an injustice, though it was not so distinguished author an injustice, though it was not so intended. The intention of the writer was simply to use it in a comparative sense, and it was sing gested by the vast array of authorities to which Dr. schaff refers the reader for a more detailed relation of the facts given by him in his text. As com-pared with most Church histories, his work is far from

DEATH AND THE PLAYER.

From Macmillan's Magazine. I watched the players playing on their stage; An aid delightfut comedy was theirs, The very picture of a gallant age, Full of majestic airs.

Wit, virtness, captain, stately lord,— Each played his part with smooth Augustan grace And, gray and earled, th' Olympian periones soared O'er each line oval face.

Anon, young Cella, poised on high red heels. Advanced with Chloe, the discreet soulirette Her laughter rings abroad to silver peals; Her confilers fawn and fret.

one was a whiskered son of awful Mars; And one, the favorite, a thing of spleen, Whose pasquil jests, a stream of falling stars, Illumined all the scene.

They trod a minuet, and evermore, listwist the curristing halv and her thrall, A masked and shrouded dancer kept the floor, Unnoted by them all. Alas, poor player, that was death's dance indeed!

The curtain fell; the nursker's ile-siless hand Compelled thee to his chariet, which with speed Rolled Lome to his own land. And now with cheeks and evellds that confe Grim stains of the last mithlight's gay disguise, Th' ingenious haggard actors swiftly press Where their dead brother iles.

How strange a grave-lde—oh, how strange a see The player's double life in such cellpse! What a morality would this have been On those once mocking lips!

But they are dumb, and there's scarce time for tears. Each to the text! They're claim ring for our plays. The good that arch comedian death appears.

But once in many days! V. G. P.

LOVE'S SERVICE

Charles F. Johnson in Temple Bar. Love called to a young man winningly, "Come, join the ranks of my company, And take the field in my Service."

But the young man said, "There are other things Than blushes and kisses and flowers and rings, of far more worth than your Service.

There's tusiness and spent and pleasure and art; Your war is more folly, your weapon a dart; Eve no time to spare for your Service." Love turned lightly away when he heard the rebuilt Of young volunteers there were more than enough To fill up the ranks of Lis Service

But time, passing by, made clear to the man That they are the wisest who join when they can The worshipful ranks of Love's Service. so he affered to Love his jewels and coin.
Forgetting his age, he thought he would join.
The throng who pressed to Love's Service.

fart Love answered lightly, "The day has gone by, A sere autumn leaf is too old and too dry.

For a garland worn in my service

You can buy if you like, a friendly regard, And perhaps it may seem. If you try very hard, As if you were in my Service. But the raw recruits for my household guard take from the young: the old are debarred From taking the oaths of my Service.

'The countersign's 'Youth.' Can you give it?" "Al "Then right about face. You're too old and too To learn the details of my Service."

THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS, artist, and it is a uniquely appropriate record of

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

THE WATER COLORS OF JAPAN BY MR. PARSONS TO COME TO NEW-YORK-OTHER NEW THINGS - ENGRAVINGS AT THE GROLIER CLUE-THE BARYE

clety is pre-emmently the exhibition of the senson. It comprehends, besides paintings that would alone take a gallery resplendent, many works of art such as Greek terra cottas and vases, old sliver dishes and ornaments, Larve bronzes, and so forth, which the public have none too many opportunities to see. The xhibition lasts until the middle of March at least. but it should be visited early, for whoever has one view of it will desire to have many others. It is ot an exhibition to be assimilated all at once. This is the last week of the exhibition at the Academy of the Water Color Society and the Etching Club. will close next Saturday night, and probably with ne of the best records the two co-operating societies have ever made in the same time. the exhibition thus far has been all that the artists could have desired. At Avery's to-morrow morning will be opened an exhibition of landscapes by Mr. Leonard Ochtman, who made a very favorable impression at the same gallery a year ago with a collection of his works. To-morrow, also, Mr. Keppel will open his Evert van Muyden, an artist who has devoted himself o the study of animals. Apropos of this exhibition, Mr. Keppel has written and published with illustrations a brochure which serves to assist with admirable aste in introducing Van Muyden and his work to the public here.

The Walter Richmond collection having been sold The Walter Richmond collection haying been sold last Friday night the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries will bring forward Mr. Henry M. Johnston's pictures on Tuesday. The Kit-Kat Clab announces an entertainment of tableaux vivants to take place at the berkeley Leesum bext Thursday and Friday evenings ander the management of a dozen well-known artists. Some events of a peculiarly welcome nature are to occur it. Matcl. As was published in The Tribune the other day the women who desire to send their productions in the department of applied arts to the Chicago Exposition are to have a preliminary exhibition at the American Art Galleries on Madison square, which is to open on March 3. In one of the rooms will be shown at the same time a collection of pictures that promises to furnish one of the hest sensations of the senson, the collection of designs made in Japan, and chiefly from the flora of that country, by Mr. Alfred Parsons. These pictures the production of opticity is considered. To face, the official work of the day are obeying the conscience. To facely the effect of which is to poison the action without country, by Mr. Alfred Parsons. These pictures day for the effect of which is to poson the action without country, by Mr. Alfred Parsons. These pictures day for the effect of which is to poson the action without country, by Mr. Alfred Parsons. These pictures day of the extra of government which is the significant of the face ountry, by Mr. Alfred Parsons. These pictures were much enlogized in some paragraphs quoted in Valadon & Co.'s, there will be exhibited a number of oils by Mr. George Hitchcock, who has lately brought them to this country himself. M. Benjamin Constant sails for New York on the 18th, and the pertraits which he is coming to paint will be exhibited at this gallery when completed.

The number of water colors sold at the Academy has been increased to 161, and the total of money received for pictures to \$17,425. The more im portant of the recent sales are given herewith; "Octo-ber," by C. H. Eston, \$75; "Withered Weeds," by W. M. Post, 875; "Marchesn," by A. Lynch, 8750; "A Passing Shower," by T. B. Craig, \$75; by Mrs. R. H. Nicholls, \$100; "After the Shower," h by C. Hassam, 875; "Cornish Fishermen," by H. B. snell, \$100; "In the Sanshine," by W. J. more, \$110; "Mischief Makers," by L. C. Parle, \$175; "Fribourg, Switzerland," by C. E. Dana, \$125 Etching Club has raised its total receipts for proofs to \$510 during the week just ended.

The Salmagundians opened another of their in formal exhibitions at their rooms, No. 40 West Twenty-scendest, last Friday evening. For this the most plausible exhibitors are Messts. Kinsella, Chanman, Shurtleff, Rogert and Uld, who have all The nerv entionism which makes the the eye for a moment. The general character of the exhibitions. But this does not pretend to compete with

The exhibition of prints at the Groller Club in December, by which the progress of the art of en followed by one which places the works of one hing real about our American reputations. It may English master, William Fattherne, on a separate fruitful objects of study which the black and white in the seventeenth century he grew up to be imprisoned as a Royalist in the Civil War and to be ex-There he learned much, if not all, we are inclined to found in many of his plates. For the animation and ats technique at its best the school of Nanteuil, of which he actually did feel the influence, furnishes the closest parallels. He is one of the mest accomplished executants of his own country. His line is clean and forcible, he drew well and had something of the ngravings, whether after his own designs or those of other artists such as Van Dyck and Lely, that they are always full of life, really expressive. He did sortraits mostly. The collection at the Grober Club, which is incomplete, but representative nevertheless, supplies the catalogue with 155 numbers. Of these perhaps a score and a half are title pages, frontispieces and illustrations to books, sacred and profane, but the rest are of men and women more or less celebrated. Elizabeth is in the Groller exhibition o Is Leo X, so is Charles V, Emperor of Germany so are Catherine of Braganza, sir William Daveannt, Cronwell, Cowley, Shakespeare, Luther, Melanethon, Milton and quite a company of aristocratic personages of the type of that gentleman who is visible in No. 50 Porter of his Ma; tie's Bedchamber, Esquire." His torical and artistic interest, are merged in an exhibition of this kind and there is amusement for the student as well as for the manteur at the Grolier Club They may obtain admission there on presentation of a member's card on any day before 10 a, m, and 6 p, m, before the 5th of March.

The Groffer Club's Committee on Publications have interrupted their literary undertakings with an enterprise that is more artistic than anything else. have had a medaffion of Hawthorne modelled by Ringel d'Hizach, the sculptor who divides with Chaplain the honor of having given contemporary France a standing among the periods which have produced ar-

statue it the Farye monument, but to have the latter composed of groups by the great scuipter himself. In the design as shown in the water-color, signed by M. Louis Lernier, architect, a square pedestal in the centre, rising to a height of lifteen or eighteen feet, hears perhaps the hoest work by Barye that could have been selected for the purpose, the "Theseus and the Centaur," a passionate inspiration crystallized with the most perfect balance and reserve. The group is suited moreover, by the largeness with which it is coincived to the elevated position it o cupies. On the face of the main pedestal, just above its centre, is a metallion portrait of Barye, and above this his name is inscribed. Below the medallion a pedestal not more than six feet high projects far enough to accommodate the famous "Lion and sorpent." A base of the same height, in line, and connected with the central pedestal is disposed on each side of the latter and the two are surmounted by the synalicial cours decorating the Lawren chose Period. boileal groups decorating the Louvre, "Order Protecting the Learned and Industrious Nations" and "Ferrer Pretecting Labos." Could anything be worthier of Barye than this meanment formed of his own creations! It is composed well and is of good proportions. It will be put into proper material, of course, the wind only one wife, the other was a porceipine. New-York Central, best route to Cleveland, Detroit it is a sufficiently grandlose memorial to a great.

Mr. David Law's claim to recognition and praise in his series of seven etchings of scenes in the country of Eurus is a valid one, in so he as he has put the life of those scenes into his plates. They are on exhibition at Wunderlich's. The lover of etching for its own sake will find in them a Stareful and facile style, and an appreciation of color values, though not the brilliancy of line, considered as mere line, which is his first interest. The lover of Eurus, on the other hand, will find these etchings, we think, extremely pleasing. Mr. Law he a patient and carefully observant eacher, who treats their texture close home to the speciator. A plate like "Linchaden Abbey, near Dumfries," is a within and convincing landscape, and is beautiful, too, though it may not have the charm of a srong arbitable personality belind it. The "scenes," include the both place, and that bank of the Doon on which the monument to Burns is erected, an open temple recalling the monument of Lysicraics at Athen, and looming strangely above the scottish country. All the plates are of inierest in a topographical, peed, historical sense, and all are well done in Mr. Law unremarkable but very excellent manner. At Wanderlich's just now there are also a number of lawing known here. A sketch for the "Magdalene at the Door of the Pharises," shows an unfamillar arms, ment of the figures, and there are some of Rossilla couldness and the plates are of the plating part of the figures, and there are some of Rossilla carlier designs in a mediaeval style which are not well cooking up. The Loan Exhibition of the American Fine Arts So-

AN UNHAPPY SOVEREIGN.

LIFE OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER III. From The Contemporary Review. The Czar's daily habits of life are these of a pope

rather than of a secular monarch, his relaxations these of a prisoner rather than of a potentate. When reof a prisoner rache, the generally rises at 7 a. m., whereas few nollemen in the capital leave their beds much before midday; and I am personally acquainted with two who rise with the regularity of clockwork at 3 o'clock every day. He then takes a quiet stroil in the uninteresting, well-watched palace park, returns to early breakfast and engages in severe manual labor as a preparation for the official work of the principle English to be in-ruel laws

commented upon in the one stereotypes country in commented upon in the one stereotypes couraging? (neyooteshifelino), and so frequently had the lifet commentary been written on the most interference of fate were to write on the wall of the Anitshkoff Palace what they are reported to have written on that of Belshazzar, the Russian monarch could not withshand the temptation of scribbling under it the customary gloss, "neyooteshifelino." Two vears have not chapsed since he wrote a very disparating remark on the margin of a decument prepared by his own Imperial Council, the results of which threat end to prove more serious than he had reason to an theipate; "The Council thought to trick me, but thy sha'n't." The members of that body, which consist of men who have occupied the highest posts in the Empire, were highly indignant when they heard of the

words should not

the members of his family or with General Richer, General Tsherevin or one of his adjutants. He generally reads the newspapers at this time of the darviz, the "Grashdanin" and the "Moscow Gazete the "Novole Vrenna," which is presented to him each day on special paper, he rarely honors with a glance), and listens to the reading of the summary of the previous day's news, which consists of extraction the Euselan and foresta papers selected by officials and copied out in a calligraphic hand on the finest paper in the Empire. Besides these precis-one of foreign, the other of home news—the takes a kent delight in hearing the goesth and scandal of the fastomable world of the capital and not one of his courtiers possesses the profitable takent of sepsoffing it with such spley anoctors and medaritable left pignant immendess as General Tsherevin, who is known as the Czar's bester.

Recreation over, the Emperor gives audience to those Ministers whose reports are due on that day, discusses the matters had before blam, and reads over the edicts drawn up for his signature, signing them or putting them aside for future consideration. At sp. m. dinner, consisting of four courses, is seried famille. After dinner the Czar takes tea in the private apartments of the Empress, where he invariably appears in a check blouse and leather behavious plants. The Emperor takes a visible delight in annual abor, which in his case is a physical necessity ne less than a favorite pastime. He unheastantally path his usual occupation is to fell huge trees, saw them to plants, plane them, and generally prepar than for the calcinetmaker. In winter the gardeners has strict orders not to clear away the snow from the avenues and walks in the park, which is invariably help to show he cannot complete the task he had set himself within the time at his disposal, that heldforn lend him their assistance, and cart away the snow to a remote part of the grounds.

Gatchino is a dull, dreary, dinay place to live in-a range of small, low rooms on the entress, the

ould never listen to the consort into more spacious apart-iones. All the clouds that lower over the house of the

have laid a medafflon of Hawthorne modelled by flinged d'Hizach, the sculptor who divides with Chaplain the honor of having given contemporary France a standing among the periods which have produced are tisted medafflons, a standing worthy of their own David. Chaplain is the more purely sculpture-spac worker of the two. Ringel, as he is usually called, is nothing if not decorative and picture-spac, and in some of his portraits—those of tot and Auguste Vacquerie, to manne two of the best—he is designably pictorial. In the medafflon of Hawthorne, which is, by the way, a bronze seven inches in diameter, the has introduced or one side of the head Hawthorne's birthplace in salem, with the date, and on the other he stone that marks, the author's grave. Above the portrait is the subject's name and below it is the semiptors, with the entitient of the chat. The medafinon is apparently based on one of the photographs taken of Hawthorne by Mayali, in London, in 45th, within but a few years of Hawthorne, death.

Americans have a more than ordinary frierist in the mountaint is flartye which is to be structure being three-fourths due to their generous support of the fundational manner of the Russian, and occasionally in Parts, the existence of the structure being three-fourths due to their generous support of the fundational manner of the Russian, and occasionally in water coilor at the American Art Galieries, where the farty is the produce of the peace of groups by the great excepted. It may be seen in a carefully measured drawing in water coilor at the committee decided to use in new statue it, the Larye monament, but to have the latter composed of groups by the great excipted. It may be seen in a carefully measured drawing in water coilor at the committee decided to use in new statue it, the Larye monament, but to have the failed over by M. Louis bernier, architect, a square pedestal in the centre, rising to a height of fifteen or eighteen feet, hear of the structure of the failed over the work of hear of the structure of

A JUVENILE COMMENTATOR.

Two little boys were discussing Scripture charac-ters; and one of them, who took a hig'ry moral view of things, observed gravely that Abraham was a very good man. "No, he wasn't," replied the other, "he wasn't good at all, for he oughlo't to have had lay wives," "Oh," was the triumphant reply, "bull you know he had only one wife, the other was a porcapine, From The London Athenaeum.